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WE'VE HAD ENOUGH

THERE is little reason for a further continuance of the inquiry which the Senate Judiciary Committee has been directing into the affairs of the German-American Alliance.

The purposes served by the inquiry are merely those of final corroboration. It crystallized convictions that have been more or less general.

Through all the dismal record of their labors there is only one definite result observable. They managed consistently to belie and misrepresent the vast majority of the membership—men and women who were associated with it for reasons of sentiment or for the love of old times rather than because of any sympathy with a lunatic Government.

It is easily conceivable that many of the conspicuous propagandists of the German philosophy in this country find an actual pleasure in the notoriety which the Senate committee is providing for them.

In one sinister effort of the leaders of the organization, disclosed at yesterday's session of the Judiciary Committee, there should be a lesson for all voting Americans.

The Alliance rigged agreements consistently with petty party leaders. They struck intelligently for once in such instances. The obscure boss of one party or another has a great power in the aggregate and he always was and always will be the weak link in a system of government like ours.

Who can imagine Americans or English or Japanese crowding into powerful organizations in Germany to promulgate hatred or distrust of the existing Government? Nothing of the sort would have been permissible in times of peace.

Advised were such a fantastic enterprise launched now its leaders would be promptly interned upon a diet of black bread and thin soup.

The logical thing to suggest in relation to dirty streets is, of course, a clean-up week—in the Department of Public Works.

CLOSING UP THE RANKS IN WISCONSIN

THAT is good news which comes from Wisconsin about the withdrawal of Governor McFadden from the senatorial race in favor of Representative Lenroot.

With the elimination of Victor Berger by indictment by a Federal Grand Jury, it leaves the contest between a red-blooded American and James Thompson, the La Follette candidate, committed to pro-German pacifism.

La Follette has been repudiated by the Wisconsin Legislature. He is thoroughly discredited. Yet the ramifications of factionalism in Wisconsin are so complicated that the nation was led to fear La Folletteism might win in the person of Thompson through a division of the forces of the opposition.

The danger is now apparently removed and the nation expects to hear of Lenroot's nomination next Tuesday as the Republican candidate by an overwhelming majority.

The Crown Prince is said to be again driving at Verdun. Most likely it is yet.

DANCING? YOU'RE MISTAKEN!

CHEERING reassurances of a general vernal innocence and unsophistication of heart spring brightly from much that is being said and written of the movement to prohibit dancing in the cafes.

Who would have supposed in these times of fever and frivols that all those clever and representative persons whose voices rise in the general symposium were accustomed to staying home at nights in gentle ignorance of what actually goes on at the dance? What will those earnest folk say when the news is broken to them at last when they learn that no one dances at the cafes—that dancing passed out of vogue years and years ago?

That is, indeed, the case. One does not dance at a dance. One walks about or twirls. One toddles or one dodders or one limps here and there, jazz-stricken, to the sound of music of sorts. But dance? Never!

We were pretty well fed up on Trotsky, anyhow.

Germanism in the schools is like poison in the wells.

Feets are too academic and "educated," a critic charges. Writers of verse libel plead not guilty.

Legions from all over the British empire are bearing arms, but only the Scotch are bearing legs.

German radicals plan big May Day strike.—Headline.

Under Potsdam rules one strike is out.

Even with the passing of winter the fuel administration is not going to have a chance to prop its feet on the desk and think about brasses.

The Russian Republic has illustrious precedent for its migratory capital. Once the capital of the American Republic was in President Madison's saddlebag.

The Kaiser, babbling noisy approval of the Dolly after such successive eastward voyages—over a disarranged bed, doesn't mean that he is a disarranged bed.

The Gownsmen

A PERT young woman once asked President Eliot, "And when will Harvard open her doors on equal terms to women as to men?" And President Eliot is said to have replied, "The year after Vasar opens her doors to men as to women."

FIVE things in this world are so conservative in their conservatism: Amos, students, a thing that has been done for a few years is an immemorial custom; among alumni, the suggestion of a change from what was done in my day; is the counsel of caution; the good old times; but as glow in memory and all time has happened since has been only a steady decline into darkness and unrighteousness.

BUT it is not of mathematic nor of Greek that the Gownsmen is writing today; but of that momentous and vexatious question which a certain benefactor of the University of Pennsylvania once called "the question in the document of his gift—the coeducation of women and girls."

IT MAY seem somewhat strange to the general reader that they should be thrashing out this old question at Pennsylvania at this late date. It may remind him of a foot race in which the first runners have passed the stand and the spectators have subsided into gossip and peanuts.

THEN, what is it all about? Nothing more than a question as to the formal acceptance of an accomplished fact. The path of logic is stony and painful to such as still habitually wear sandals, and it leads into unexpected places, places in which some of us are not quite sure that we wish to tread.

ANOTHER time we were fishing in Florida. The large, powerful fish (tarpon) had to be exhausted before being taken into the boat. We had lost several from the lines while playing with them.

NOW, there is nowhere a more fervent lover of the things of old than the Gownsmen, however he confesses that these precious possessions are often best viewed in the golden haze of recollection.

TURNING to me, "He was very fond of you and proud of what you accomplished. I was at a hotel in Washington one evening with you, Penrose, Durham, Larry Eyre and John P. Elkin, and we had been discussing for several hours Pennsylvania affairs. All of them except Eyre and myself retired to an inner room. It had been assumed everywhere that Elkin was to be the nominee for the governorship, and every one was looking forward to his coming out all right."

BUT the Gownsmen is lost in his gown. Dear friend of the hallowed past, the higher education of women, even carried on simultaneously with that of men, is not called "tentative" or "exceptional," but actual and existent. Even antiquity knew another type of woman besides pretty-faced girls of Troy. I wish to see the woman, since Sappho, philosophizing since Heraclitus, questioning it since the days of Semiramis. It is you that is "irreconcilable" not our boys and girls, and we can afford the "alienation" of those who send their sons to colleges for other reasons than the educational advantages which colleges afford.

EDUCATIONAL EPICRAMS
The boys on the Texas are like the boys in Texas—good shots—Buffalo Commercial Journal.
Sweden, as the most unneutral neutral, is the German conception of an unneutral—Wall Street Journal.

Tomorrow Governor Pennypacker sketches W. J. Fox, General Samuel Parker and James Bryce, former British Ambassador to the United States.

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Paul Administrator Garfield may do better when the temperature sets in 90 in the shade next summer—Albany Argus.

Although Mr. Hillquit claims that the socialist party has surpassed President Wilson, the socialist party has surpassed President Wilson, the socialist party has surpassed President Wilson.

GOV. PENNYPACKER TELLS ABOUT QUAY

Interesting Sidelights on the Character of the Man Who Long Ruled Republican Party

PENNYPACKER AUTOBIOGRAPHY—No. 99 (Copyright, 1918, by Public Ledger Company) QUAY.

JOHN SCOTT, a most worthy Philadelphia lawyer, son of United States Senator John Scott, told me, November 19, 1916, the following facts:

He goes to the Canadian woods every summer. There he has an Indian guide of whom he is very fond, named Louis Gill, of the tribe of Abenakis. One day this Indian said to him:

"Do you know Senator Quay?"

"Yes, I know Senator Quay."

"He is one of our tribe," the Indian affirmed with a glad smile.

"Does he take any interest in your affairs?" asked Scott.

"Yes," replied Gill; "when our Catholic Church burned down he wrote to him and he sent us \$5000. He is a good man."

January 5, 1914, F. W. Zeitz, Deputy Attorney General (with John P. Elkin) under three State administrations, entertained a few of us at the Harrisburg Club with his recollections of Senator Quay. He said:

"Most Wonderful Man"

"Quay was the most wonderful man I have ever known. He understood men thoroughly. He never gave orders. He had no regard for money save as a means to an end. There were times in his life when he was penniless. He was entirely without vanity. He had certain veins of superstition. Once in Florida a rattlesnake crept out from a hole. I threw a stone at it. He checked me and told me never to strike a snake. Then he explained to me that once a long while ago the Seminoles and the rattlesnakes, after long hostilities, made a treaty of peace. No Seminoles will ever strike a rattlesnake, and no snake since has bitten a Seminole. 'I never strike a snake,' said he, 'and don't you do it.'"

"In the summer of 1855 I tried to prevail on him not to begin his struggle with Governor Hastings. I pointed out to him that he was firm in his seat in the Senate for several years, that Hastings' strength would wane as his term neared its end, that the Mayors of Philadelphia and Pittsburgh and the corporations at that time were hostile. He said to me: 'There is no fault in your reasoning, but I must make the fight. I often discard my reason and follow my intuitions.'"

"He took me down to St. Lucie, in Florida, with him several times. There he entertained the Earl of Newcastle and his brother, Lord Hope. He was an admirable host. While there was never any ostentatious show of attention, he always quietly saw to it that his guest had the best boat and the best fishing tackle and the pleasant seat. On one occasion, while we were fishing together at Atlantic City, a man of some distinction asked to go along. 'Are you a good sailor?' It is apt to be rough out there, and when we are once anchored we have to stay. The Senator quietly suggested. The man came in a white shirt and, after the boat had been fixed about seven miles out, Ben Sooy went back to the shore. Ere long the man with the white shirt lay on the broad of his back in the bottom of the boat, stretching and gasping, while the fish were being thrown all over him. 'Damn him,' said the Senator, 'he ought to have had sense enough not to come out here.'"

"On another occasion, at Atlantic City, he said to Sooy: 'Ben, I will give you ten dollars if you will jump into the sea.' In an instant Sooy was overboard. We threw him a rope. The Senator drew a knife, and said: 'Ben, give up those ten dollars and I will not cut this rope.' 'I will swim to China for ten dollars,' said Sooy. All laughed and drew him in.

An Incident in Florida

"Another time we were fishing in Florida. The large, powerful fish (tarpon) had to be exhausted before being taken into the boat. We had lost several from the lines while playing with them. The Senator said: 'I intend to draw the next fish straight to the boat,' and he did. It was a dangerous proceeding. When it came near, the Senator called, 'Ben, grab that fish.' Sooy struck it, and in an instant the harpoon and line were up in the air, and Sooy was battling with the waves. Quay helped him into the boat, whereupon, disgusted, he shouted, 'If any damn fool wants another fish harpooned, he may do it himself.'"

"Turning to me, 'He was very fond of you and proud of what you accomplished. I was at a hotel in Washington one evening with you, Penrose, Durham, Larry Eyre and John P. Elkin, and we had been discussing for several hours Pennsylvania affairs. All of them except Eyre and myself retired to an inner room. It had been assumed everywhere that Elkin was to be the nominee for the governorship, and every one was looking forward to his coming out all right.'"

"I have often seen him drink. I never saw him so under the influence of liquor that it affected either his head or his walk. He had a peculiar way of drinking. During a campaign—perhaps for a year—he would not touch a drop. He had absolute self-control. He would pour out the liquor for his guests, and sit among them, his own glass empty. After the campaign was over he would go away and drink. I always thought to get rid of the nervous anxiety."

"Tomorrow Governor Pennypacker sketches W. J. Fox, General Samuel Parker and James Bryce, former British Ambassador to the United States.

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"E'LL DO!" "OUI!!"



IT WORKED IN JERSEY

By BART HALEY

HERE and there on the farms of New Jersey there must be men who could read President Wilson's latest message to the Russians with an understanding of its motives strangely sympathetic, intimate and personal. They can look out of their window any day over deserted fields or down a gray and silent road at the shabby little schoolhouses where Mr. Wilson first experimented with a method of politics that now is involved with the destinies of civilization.

The man from Princeton went into the first political campaign of his life without any of the usual equipment. All he had to depend upon in a campaign filled with difficulties was his almost mystic faith in the common judgment of normal people—a faith of the sort that persists against all odds, through all disaster and all stress, toward mountains at the end.

"We shall tell the people about it!" That phrase came repeatedly at the inner councils from the president of Princeton when big Jim Nugent, the Democratic State chairman, and Senator Jim Smith started out with him on the first stumping trip he ever made.

THE new candidate went about into small towns and farm settlements as well as into the cities, and he spoke to farmers and their wives in little groups in the schoolhouses, not of the things he hoped to do for agriculture and the cranberry industry, but of the elemental virtues, of the deep issues troubling the republic, of the splendid hopes of earlier patriots that gradually were being cheapened and debased. He spoke, as he himself might have said, from the heart.

Big Jim Nugent was a Shakespearean scholar, an authority on flowers, a lawyer of great ability and a man with the physique and strength that enabled him to frighten a Legislature with a look. Yet he did not understand his candidate. Neither did Senator Jim. But the old thing was that the working women of the farms, their husbands and the hired hands, who used to gather in little crowds when the candidate came along in his hired automobile, did understand what it was all about.

"I DOUBT if they will grasp the abstract issues," big Jim used to say to President Wilson—"of Princeton." "These things are too vague—too involved."

It was the habit of the man from Princeton to say in reply that these were the very important things and the simple things and the things easily understood and of most moment. "We will tell the people about it. All you have to do is to make them understand."

Of the ultimate outcome under these circumstances the Wilson of that time had no more doubts than the average man has about the coming of morning. He believed that people may be negligent, that they may let things drift to a given point, but that they are ready always to turn the full constructive power of mass judgment upon anything that is truly evil or truly wrong.

THE Wilson of those days was a lonely man and he grew lonelier as his campaign progressed, since the constant reiteration of a revolutionary theory of political action convinced the Democratic State committee toward the last that the new man actually meant what he said. The old bipartisan arrangement was to have been directed against him on election day, according to common rumor. Mr. Wilson himself knew of this, even while the managers of his campaign sat with him on the platform of one or another meeting place. For some reason or another that ugly plan was abandoned.

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The Eternal Question

When first dark war clouds veiled the sky

And through the waters came the cry Of Belgium, stricken by the foe, You begged America to go With haste to join the task. Your fathers, patient, turned to ask, While you were frantic to begin, "What will you do to help us win?"

And now that we have joined the fray, Sent our brave boys out there to stay Until the end, to do or die— To lift the torch of freedom high, Your brothers bravely face the fire. But, calling back to you, inquire, Amid the battle's ceaseless din, "What are you doing to help us win?"

So when at last the murderous gun Is silenced, and the victory won; When men who've fought and starved and bled Come home again—all save the dead; When to the world you tell the story Of human sacrifice and glory, Your child will ask, when you begin, "What did you do to help us win?"

CHARLES F. MOORE

THIS poem, here printed for the first time, was on the point of being mailed to New York when I intervened. We agreed that since the author is now a member of the business community of this fair city his message should be given first to his neighbors. The Judge—for that's his title—admitted that our point was well taken and so we had our way with it.

From Charles F. Moore, formerly of Virginia, then of New York and now the business associate of C. H. Clinson, of the Crozer Building, is one of the best-known and most eloquent public speakers of the South. He is the author, among other things, of "Moore's History of the States, United and Otherwise," which, as the preface declares, "is the only history on the market which admits its general inaccuracy."

"If," the foreword continues, "we have failed to do justice to any one mentioned in the course of this story of events, sincere apology is made in advance. It must be remembered that one cannot speak from personal knowledge of all that has transpired in a period covering more than four centuries. Many conclusions, therefore, have been reached through information obtained from others, and we have long since found that little dependence can be put in other people's words."

Let us, for a moment, dip into the first chapter of this frank work, dealing with a physical description of the country. "The climate," he says, "is variable, depending upon its condition, and the atmosphere nervous and fluctuating." Generally speaking, the surface is undulating. The highest ground in the world, we are told by real estate agents, lies along Broadway, in the city of New York. Indeed, there is a very small part of the metropolis on the level. "Fish and oysters are abundantly supplied to epicures and lobstermen to manufacture."

The second chapter is devoted to "Discovery and Settlement." "Generally speaking, our own discovery of the entire 383 pages? And as for settlement, the price marked on the paper jacket is \$1.50, and it's worth it." T. A. D.

"TIPPERARY" IN LA SCALA

Whole battalions of Thomas Aikman when the snowfall buried the American-Germans in deep Alpine drifts, paid visits to the Milan Opera House and received immense ovations. By way of acknowledgment, Tommy gave the laurel-crowned "Tipperary" and created a sensation, as well he might, in that sacred mecca of Italian opera. Flowers were showered upon him in most embarrassing fashion. The reason of this delicate attention was the hits, in which some of the British soldiers were clad, and at which the people gazed in undivided amazement. One Italian peasant exclaimed "Fancy, women as well as men go to war in that country, and yet they look as though they would make mince-meat of the Germans." Little wonder that some of these killed "ladies" received not only flowers, but equally embarrassing kisses.

ENGLISH IN HAND FOR THEM, TOO

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